



the

# HAWK



No. 3  
NOV.-DEC.

Scourge of Desert Badmen

10c

*Madman's Empire...*

**LEVERETT'S  
LAST STAND**

*Gunslingers' Trail...*

**DRY RIVER  
RAMPAGE**

*Desert Justice...* **DEAD MAN'S VENGEANCE**



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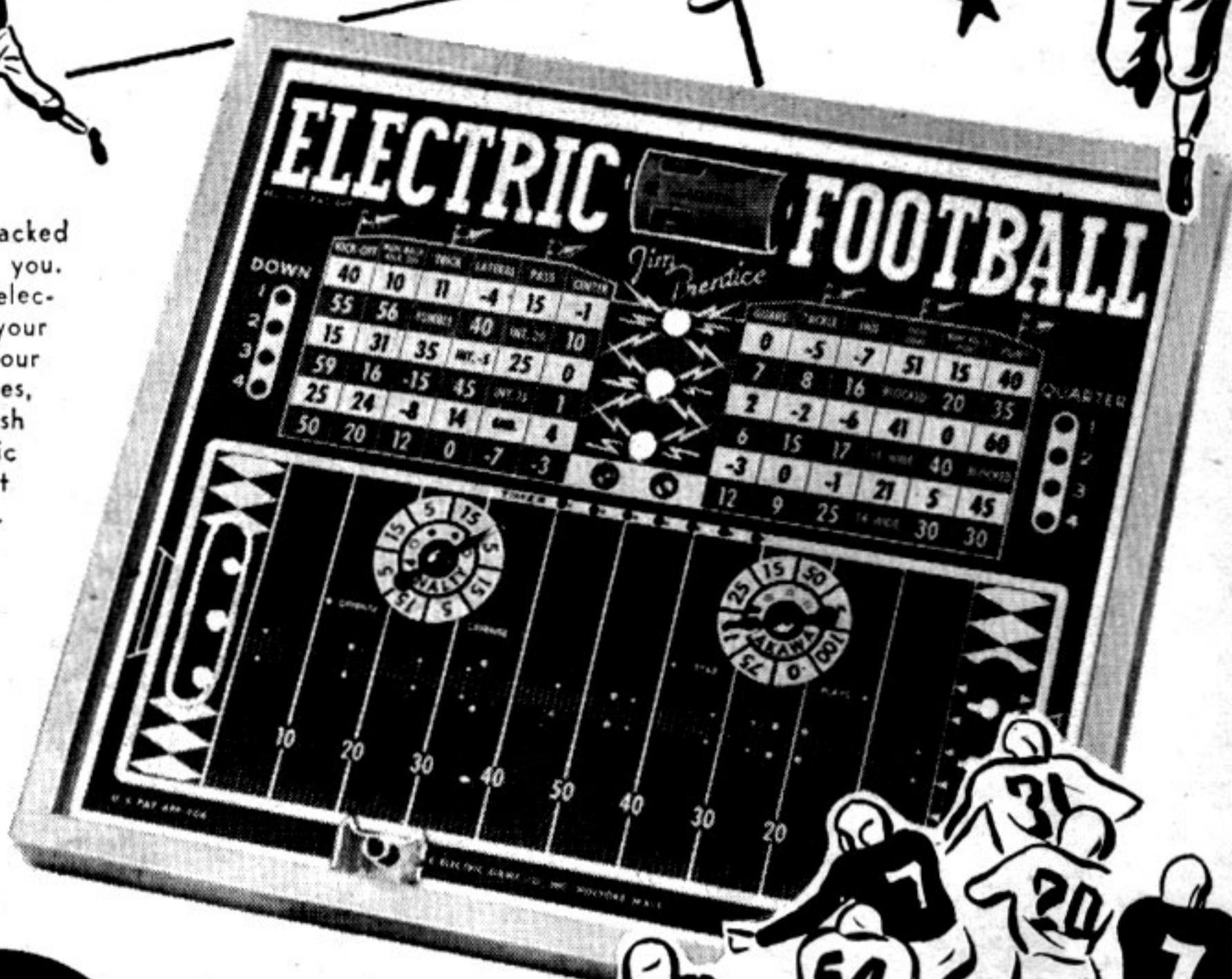


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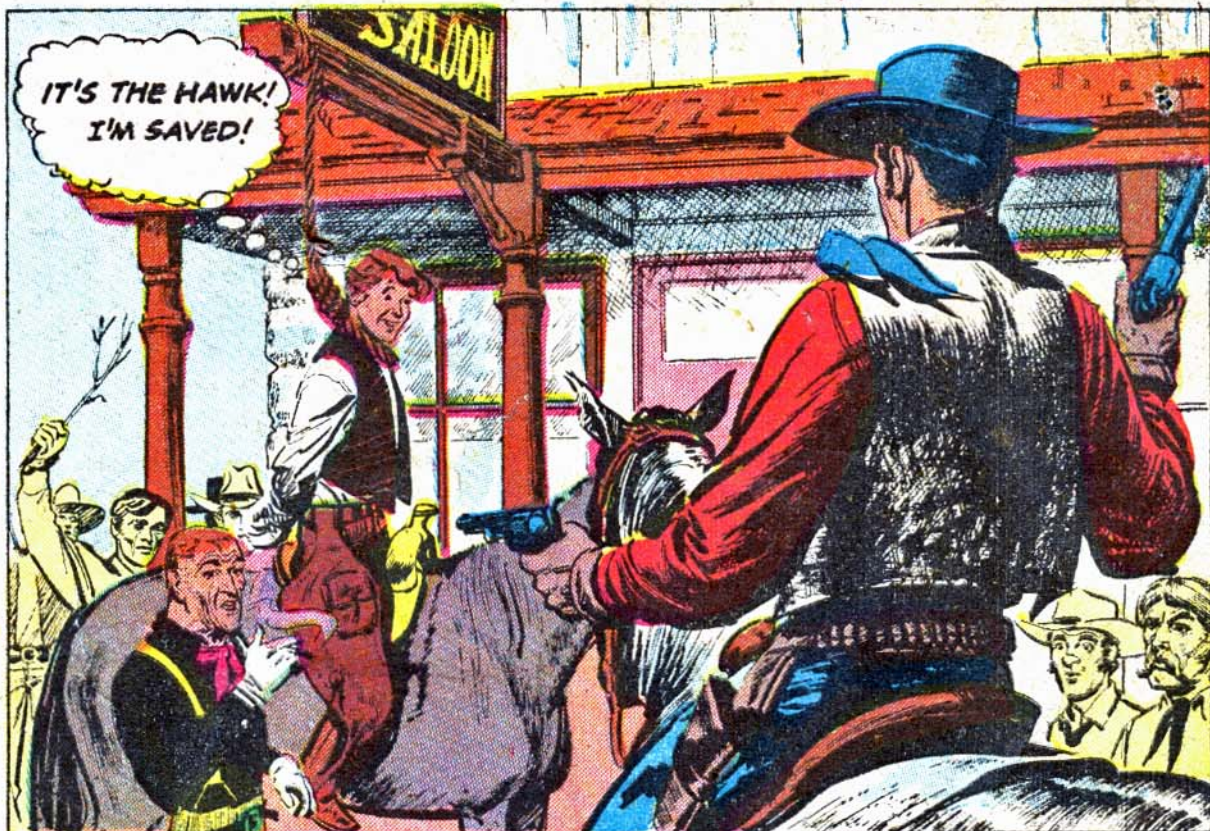


# the HAWK

in

## Dead Man's Vengeance!

OUT OF THE SUN BAKED DESERT COMES **THE HAWK** TO STAMPEDE A LAWLESS LYNCH PARTY AND MAKE A MASQUERADING OWLHOOT FEEL A ...



**A**LONE IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE "OASIS" SALOON, A MAN WAITS...



**S**UDDENLY A CURTAIN PARTS...

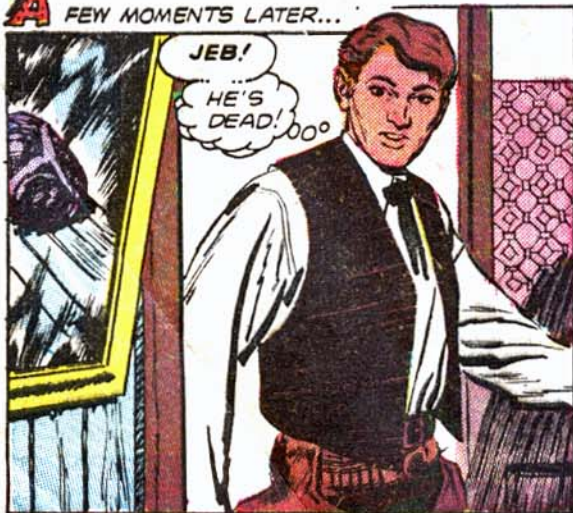




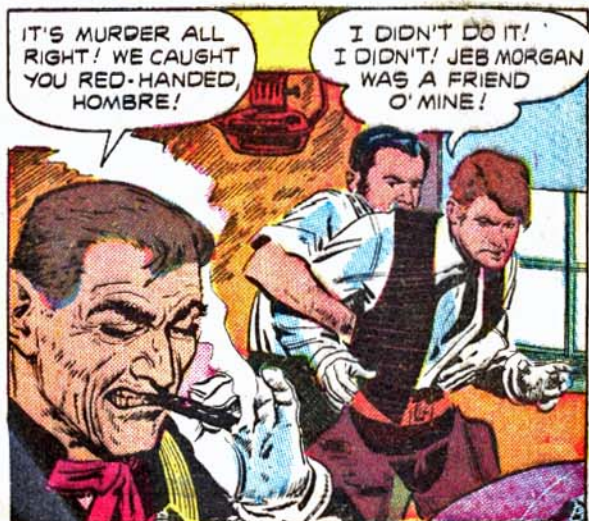
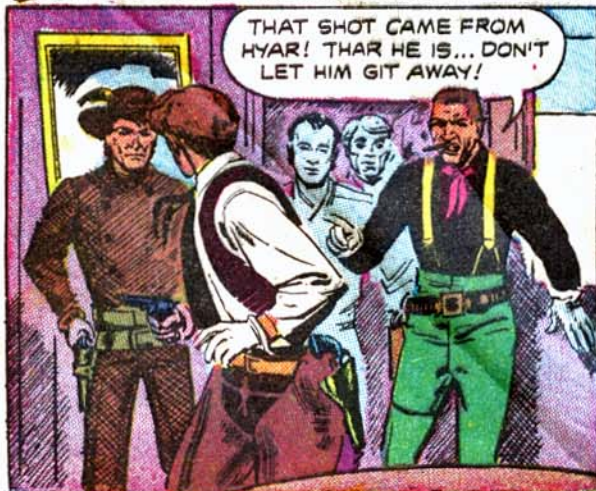
**N**OISILY, THE  
DEATH-DEALING  
GUN LANDS AT THE  
VICTIM'S FEET...

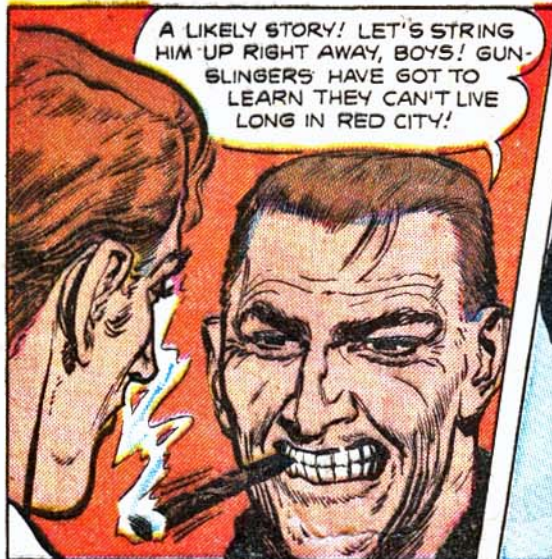


**A** FEW MOMENTS LATER...



**S**UDDENLY THE RUSH OF MANY FEET IS HEARD...





A LIKELY STORY! LET'S STRING HIM UP RIGHT AWAY, BOYS! GUN-SLINGERS HAVE GOT TO LEARN THEY CAN'T LIVE LONG IN RED CITY!



NOT WHILE I HEAD THE VIGILANTES... NO, SIR!!

YOU CAN'T DO IT... YOU CAN'T! I'M INNOCENT!



WHERE'S YOUR HOSS, KILLER?

RIGHT THAR... BUT WHY...?



YOU'LL SOON SEE WHY!



MOUNT, YOU VARMINT!



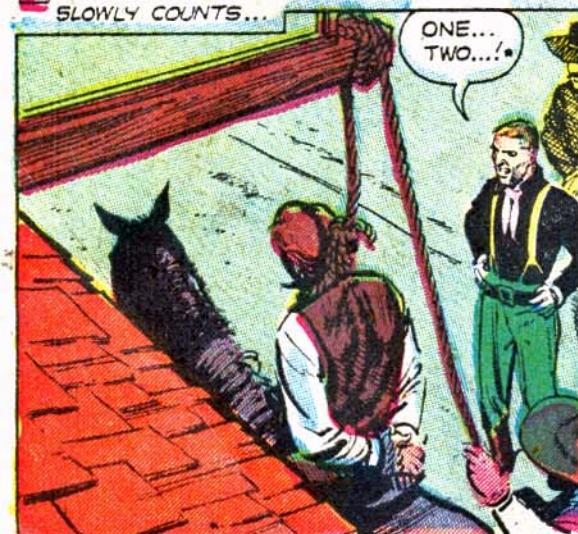
RIGHT HYAR, BOYS! BEST GALLOWS IN THE COUNTRY! HAW! HAW!

OASIS SALOON

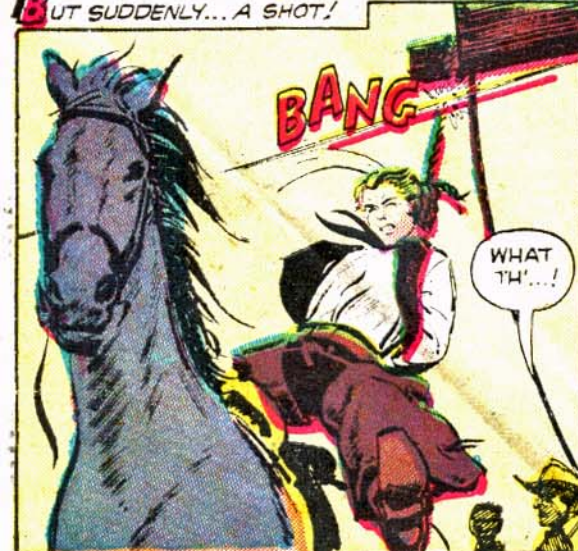
**H**ASTILY, WITH CRUDE SKILL, PREPARATIONS  
ARE MADE TO SNUFF OUT A MAN'S LIFE...



**E**ACH SECOND IS AN ETERNITY, AS CATLETT  
SLOWLY COUNTS...



**B**UT SUDDENLY... A SHOT!

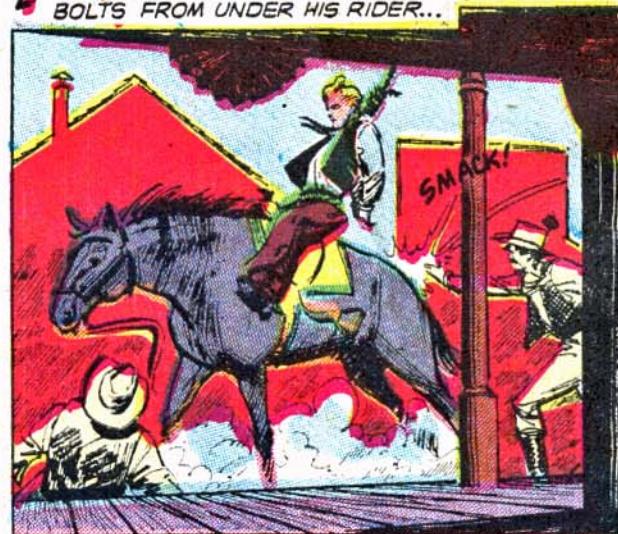


HAWKINS,  
WHACK THE  
H055 A  
GOOD ONE  
WHEN I COUNT  
THREE!

READY  
FOR YER, MR.  
CATLETT!

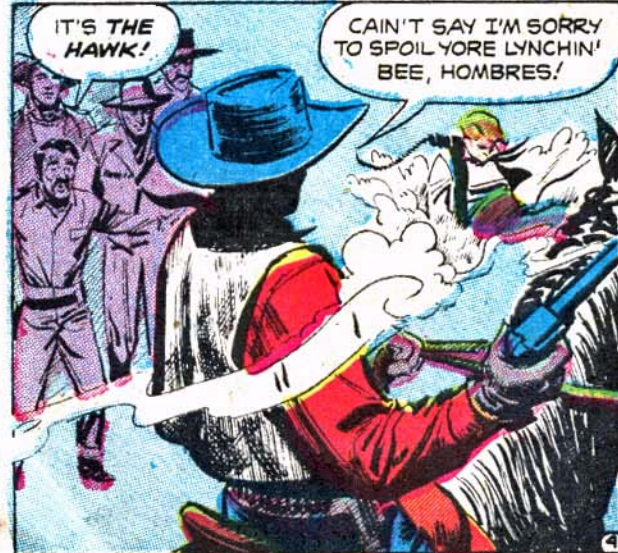


**T**HE HORSE FEELS THE STINGING BLOW... AND  
BOLTS FROM UNDER HIS RIDER...



IT'S THE  
HAWK!

CAIN'T SAY I'M SORRY  
TO SPOIL YORE LYNCHIN'  
BEE, HOMBRES!



YOU CAN'T INTERFERE HERE, HAWK! I'M CATLETT... HEAD OF RED CITY'S VIGILANTES! WE WERE HANGIN' A KILLER!

DID HE HAVE A FAIR TRIAL?

HE DIDN'T NEED NONE! WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED, DIDN'T WE, BOYS?

SHORE DID!

I ADMIT I WAS HOLDIN' THE GUN! I HAD JEST PICKED IT UP! BUT I DIDN'T KILL JEB! HE WAS MY FRIEND!

I SEE! WHERE DID THIS KILLING TAKE PLACE?

RIGHT IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE "OASIS"! NOW GIT ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, HAWK! WE'RE RUNNIN' THIS TOWN!

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU TURN THE PRISONER OVER TO YOUR SHERIFF!

RED CITY AIN'T BIG ENOUGH TO NEED A SHERIFF! WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THE LAW!

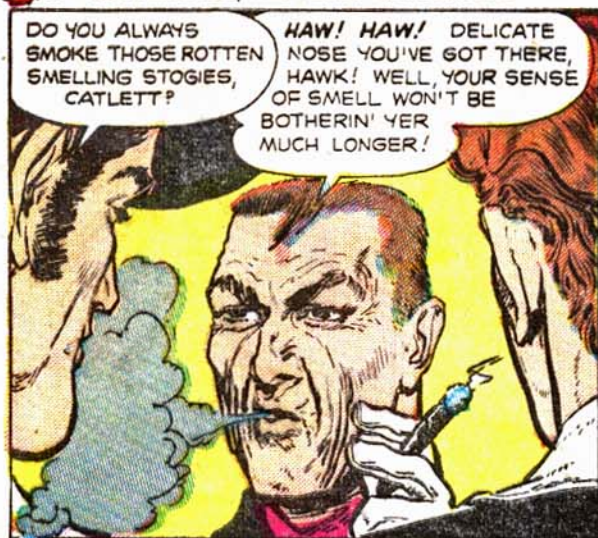
SO I SEE! BUT AS A UNITED STATES MARSHAL, IT'S MY JOB TO SEE THAT LYNCH LAW ISN'T CARRIED OUT! I'LL TAKE THE PRISONER WITH ME!

**H**OSTILE EYES FOLLOW THE HAWK AS HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE "OASIS" SALOON...

ARE WE GONNA STAND HERE AND LET THE HAWK DO AS HE DARN PLEASES... OR ARE WE GOIN' TER SHOW HIM WE KIN RUN THIS TOWN?

WE'RE WITH YER, CATLETT, IF YER WANT TER RUN HIM OUT!

**IN A FEW MINUTES, THE HAWK RETURNS...**



IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME AS MUCH AS YOU THINK! IN FACT, I JUST FOUND A STOGIE LIKE YOURS THAT I'M THINKIN' OF SMOKIN'!

LIKE MINE... BUT THERE AREN'T ANY IN TOWN... I GET 'EM BROUGHT IN ON THE STAGE... I MEAN...



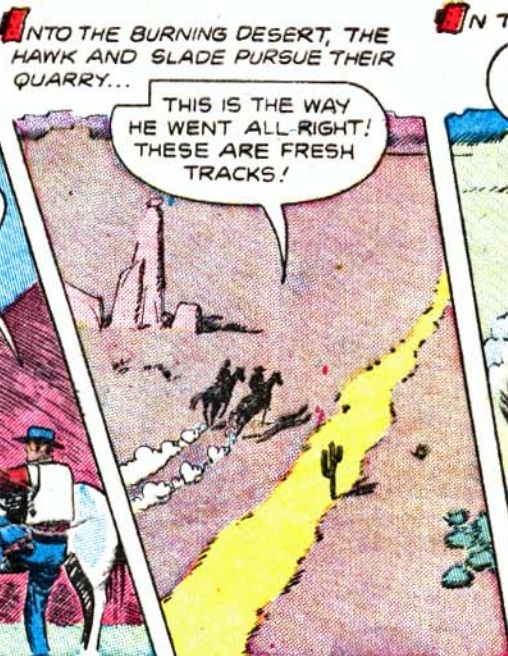
**H**ANDS REACH OUT FOR THE HAWK... AND IRON FISTS FLY...





CATLETT GOT AWAY! I SAW HIM HEAD OUT OF TOWN ON HIS HOSS!

HE WON'T GET FAR!



INTO THE BURNING DESERT, THE HAWK AND SLADE PURSUE THEIR QUARRY...

THIS IS THE WAY HE WENT ALL RIGHT! THESE ARE FRESH TRACKS!

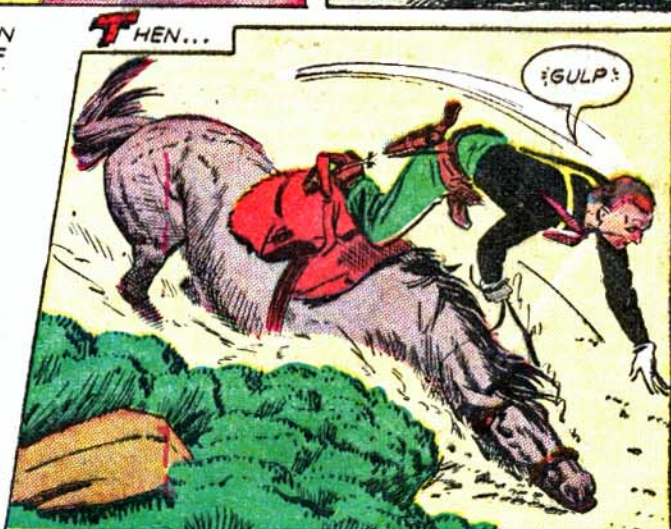


IN THE MEANTIME...

THEY'RE AFTER ME! IT MUST BE THE HAWK AND SLADE! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!



FASTER... BLAST YOU... FASTER!

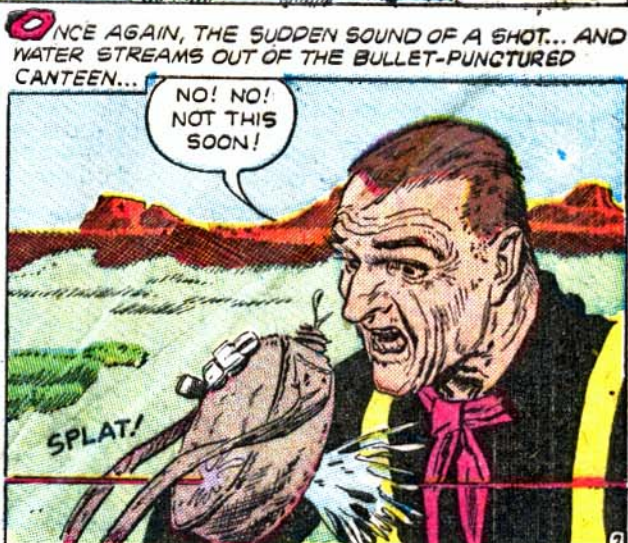


THEN...

{GULP:}



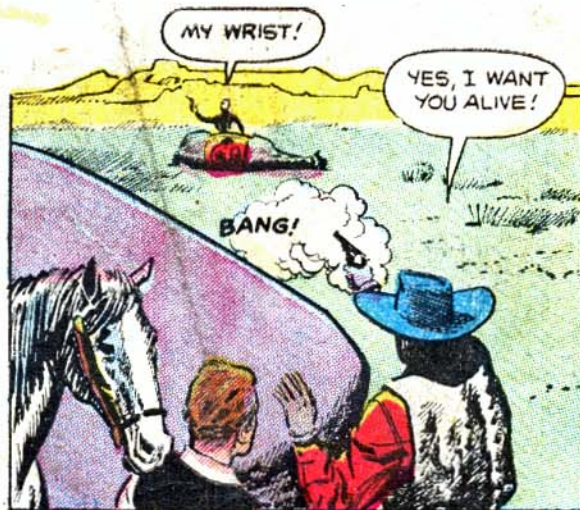
A FINE MESS... NO HORSE... AND THE HAWK HOT ON MY TRAIL! BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOIN'! A DRINK OF WATER FIRST! THIS HEAT IS FIERCE!



ONCE AGAIN, THE SUDDEN SOUND OF A SHOT... AND WATER STREAMS OUT OF THE BULLET-PUNCTURED CANTEEN...

NO! NO! NOT THIS SOON!

SPLAT!

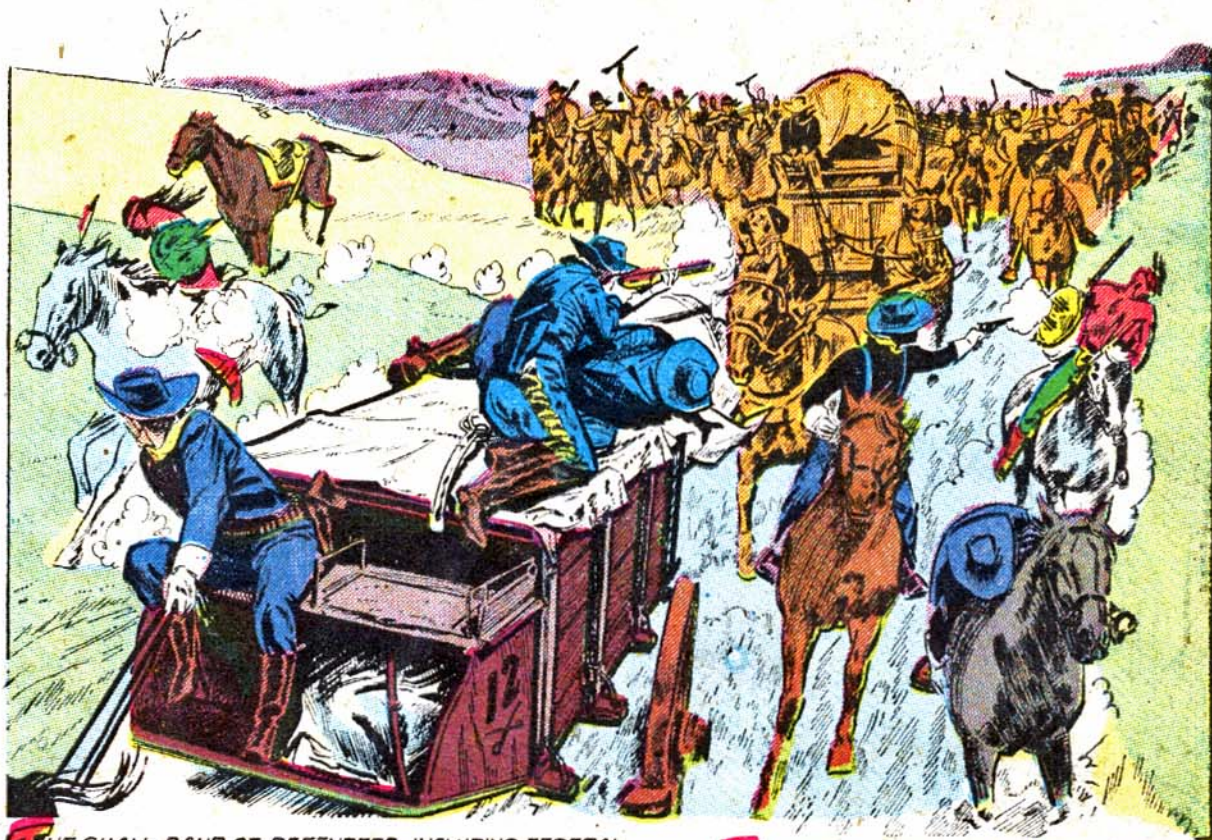


The End



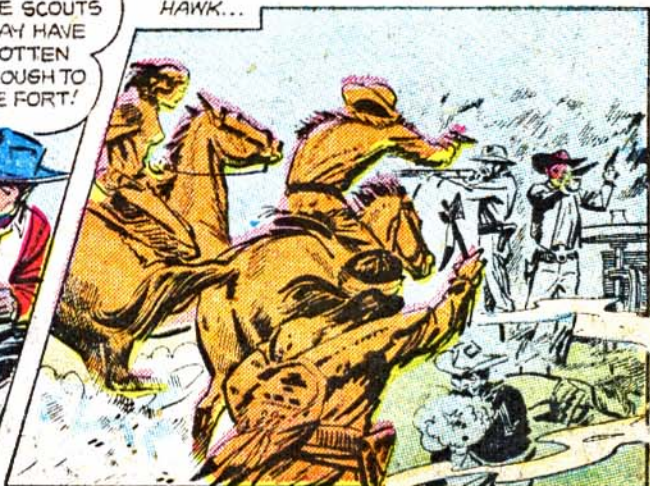
# the **HAWK** in **LEVERETT'S LAST STAND**

**A**N ARMY MUNITIONS TRAIN CRAWLS SLEEPILY ACROSS THE FLAT WASTELAND OF THE NEW MEXICAN DESERT. SUDDENLY, THE STILL, DRY AIR IS PIERCED BY A BLOOD-CURLING SCREAM... THE WAR CRY OF THE APACHE! THE LANDSCAPE IS BLOTCHED OUT BY HUNDREDS OF WILD-RIDING HORSEMEN, BY THE SMOKE OF BATTLE... AND THE PEACEFUL SILENCE DESTROYED BY THE PITIFUL WAILS OF DYING MEN!

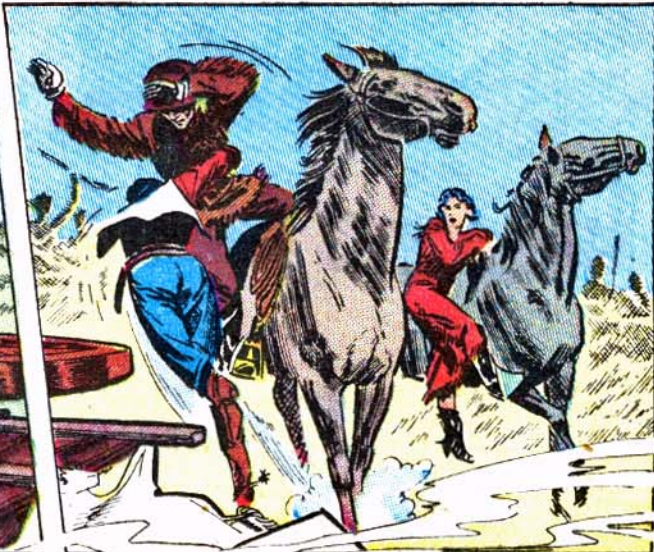
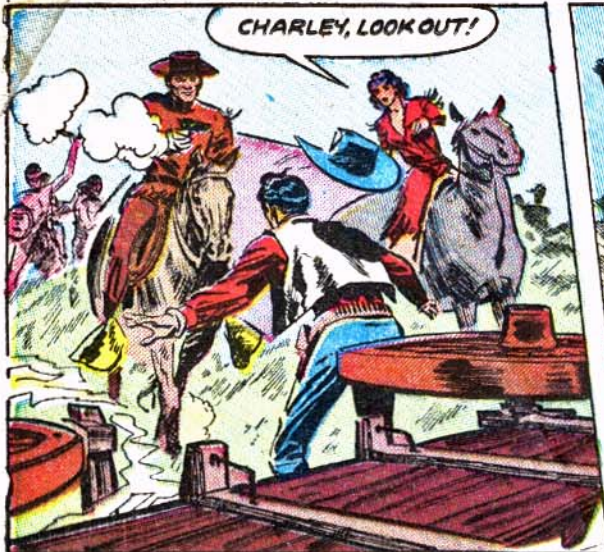


**T**HE SMALL BAND OF DEFENDERS, INCLUDING FEDERAL MARSHAL BOB HARDIE, BETTER KNOWN AS **THE HAWK** PUTS UP A VALIANT DEFENSE, BUT...

**T**HE MUNITIONS TRAIN IS FORCED TO A HALT. CHARLIE LEVERETT AND MAMIE TEMPLE LEADING THE APACHES, HEAD FOR THE HAWK...



CHARLEY, LOOK OUT!

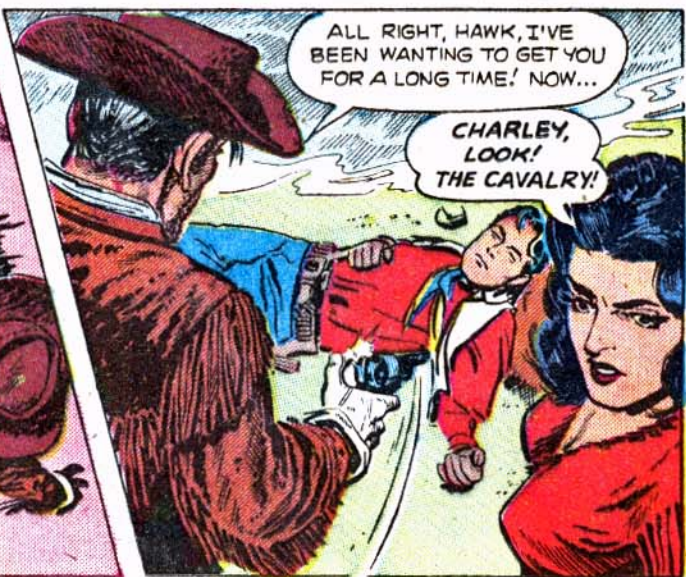


GOT TO SAVE CHARLEY...  
GOT TO! THIS ROCK'LL  
KNOCK THE HAWK OUT!

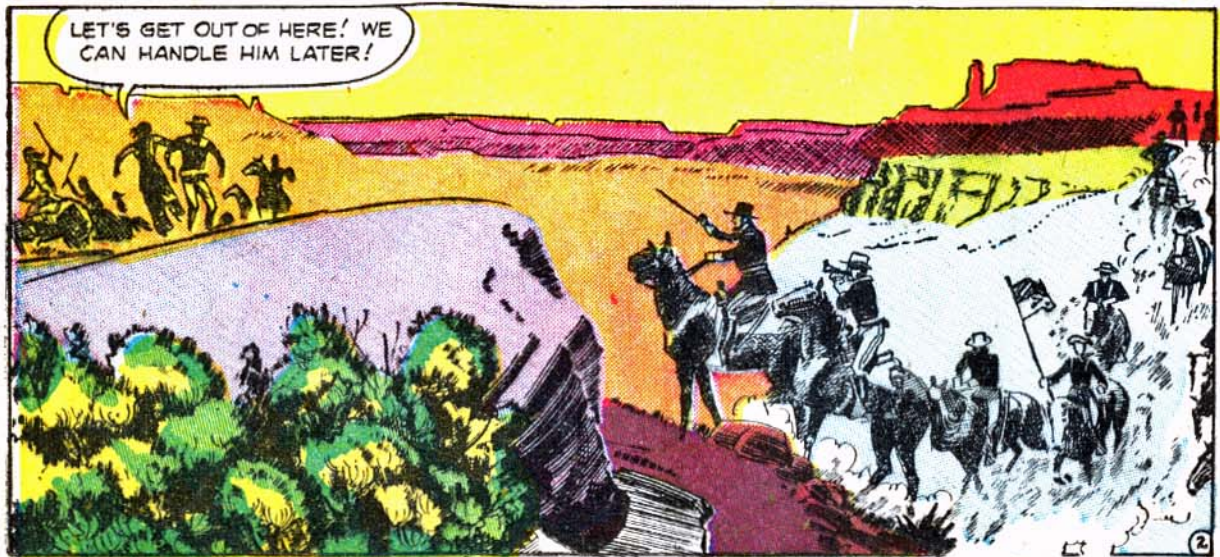


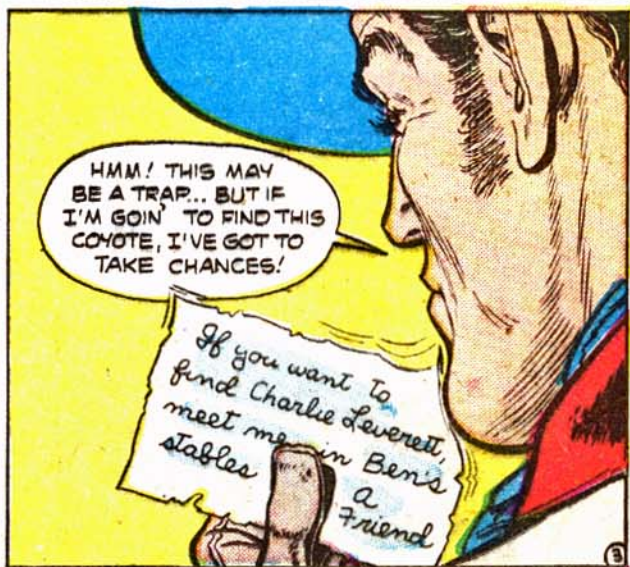
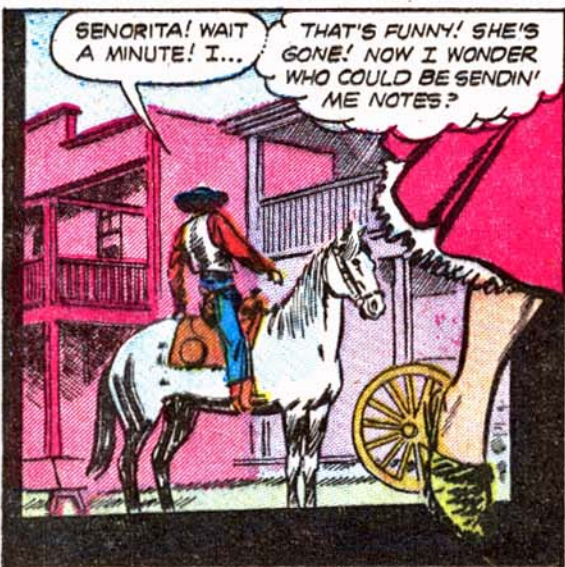
ALL RIGHT, HAWK, I'VE  
BEEN WANTING TO GET YOU  
FOR A LONG TIME! NOW...

CHARLEY,  
LOOK!  
THE CAVALRY!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE  
CAN HANDLE HIM LATER!





AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THERE DON'T SEEM...

ALL RIGHT, HAWK, REACH!



YOU WERE LOOKING FOR CHARLEY, EH? WELL, HE'LL BE ALONG IN A FEW MINUTES!



DO YOU THINK HE'LL LIKE YOU WITH YOUR PETTICOAT SHOWIN' THAT WAY?

WHERE? I DON'T SEE...



DROP IT!

WHY, YOU...!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, HAWK! I WAS JUST GOING TO OFFER YOU AN ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION! I LIKE THE WAY YOU HANDLE YOURSELF! YOU'VE GOT BRAINS!



YOU AND I COULD GO PLACES OUT IN THIS COUNTRY! I THOUGHT I COULD DO SOMETHING WITH CHARLEY, BUT HE'S NOT HALF THE MAN YOU ARE!





YOU'VE GOT EVERY-  
THING A GIRL COULD...

SO **THIS** IS  
HOW YOU'RE TAKING  
CARE OF THE  
HAWK, EH?



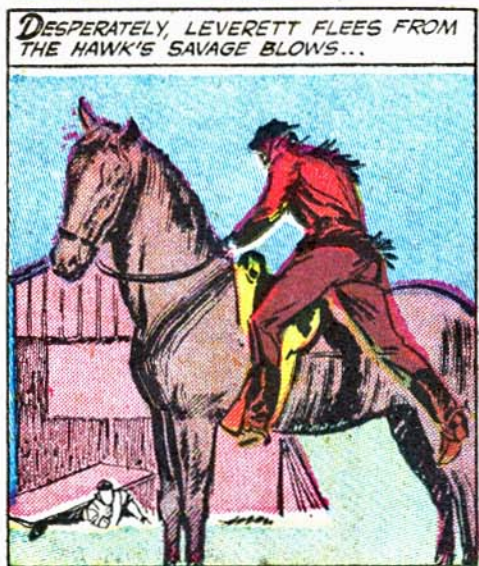
**CHARLEY!**  
I CAN EXPLAIN!  
IT WAS...

YOU JEST DONE ALL THE  
EXPLAININ' YOU'RE GONNA DO! I  
WOULDN'T A BEEN IN ALL THIS  
TROUBLE IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU!  
YOU SAID YOU WERE GONNA  
MAKE ME A POWER IN THE  
WEST! YOU TOLD ME A LOT  
O' THINGS! AND NOW THIS!



WELL, YOU'RE NOT GETTIN' AWAY  
WITH IT, MAMIE! THIS IS THE END!  
NO GAL TWO-TIMES  
CHARLEY LEVERETT!

**BANG!**



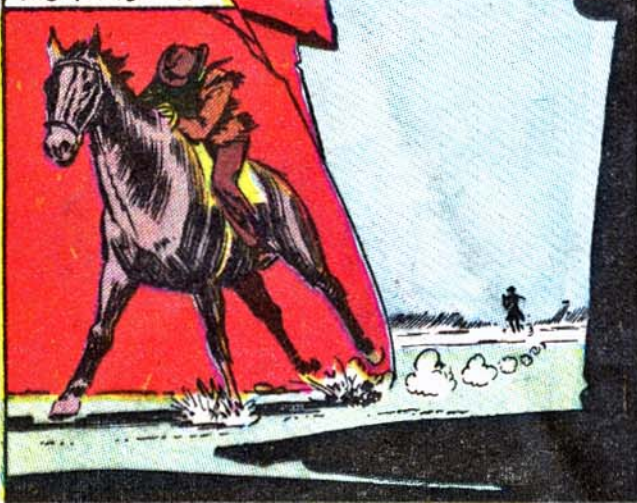
**DESPERATELY, LEVERETT FLEES FROM  
THE HAWK'S SAVAGE BLOWS...**



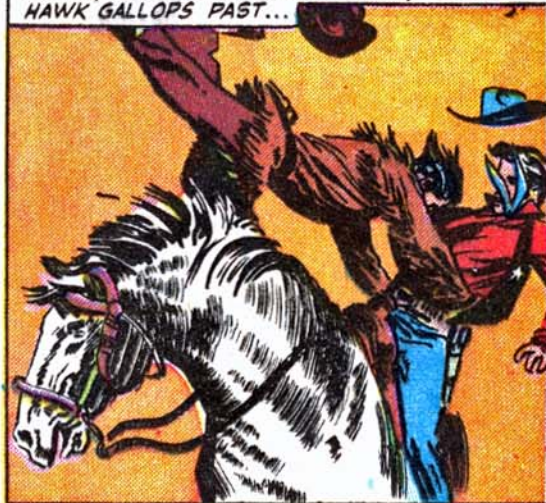
**BUT THE HAWK IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM...**

THAT HE  
GOES!

OUT INTO THE DESERT RIDE THE FUGITIVE AND HIS PURSUER...



THEN, IN A TWINKLING, LEVERETT LEAVES HIS MOUNT, CLIMBS THE ROCKS... AND, AS THE HAWK GALLOPS PAST...



ALL RIGHT, LEVERETT, FREEZE! I THINK YOUR DREAMS OF RUNNING THIS TERRITORY ARE OVER!

LATER...

WITH MAMIE TEMPLE DEAD AND LEVERETT IN A FEDERAL PRISON, THINGS ARE LIABLE TO BE A LITTLE QUIET OUT THIS WAY, THANKS TO YOU, MARSHAL!

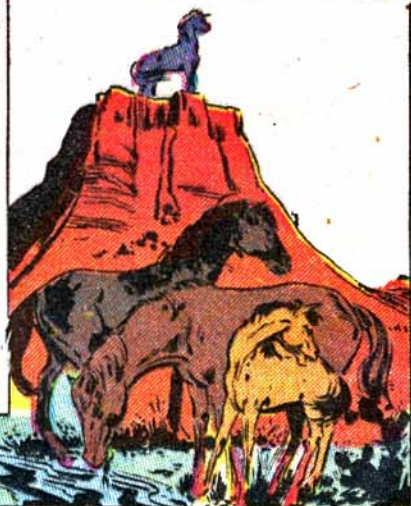
THIS IS NEW COUNTRY, CAPTAIN. THINGS WON'T STAY QUIET LONG! I RECKON I'LL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN SOMETIME!



END

# the DISAPPEARING MUSTANG

**M**ANY EASTERNERS THINK ALL WESTERN HORSES ARE "MUSTANGS." THE MUSTANG IS REALLY A WILD, OR UNTAMED, HORSE OF GREAT SPIRIT. THE MEXICAN WORD MESTENO FROM WHICH MUSTANG IS DERIVED, MEANS "WILD, OR "BORN IN THE MOUNTAINS..."



**T**HE OLD TIME MUSTANG, ALSO KNOWN AS A "FUZZ-TAIL" OR "BROOM-TAIL" IS EXTINCT TODAY. HOWEVER, WHEN THESE GREAT HERDS ROAMED THE WEST, THEIR RANKS NUMBERED ONLY SUPERIOR STEEDS, FOR THE STALLION LEADER FOUGHT OFF INFERIOR ANIMALS WHO SOUGHT TO JOIN THE BAND.



**T**HE EARLY INDIANS AND COWBOYS GOT THEIR MOUNTS BY CAPTURING THESE MUSTANGS. LATER ON, MEN KNOWN AS "MUSTANGERS" MADE A LIVING BY CAPTURING AND SELLING THESE HORSES. MANY OF THE CAPTIVE MUSTANGS STARVED THEMSELVES TO DEATH RATHER THAN LIVE IN CAPTIVITY.

HOLD HIM, LEM! HE'LL BRING A NICE HUNK OF CHANGE ON THE MARKET!

IF HE AIN'T ORNERY ENOUGH TO DIE OF HUNGER IN THE CORRAL!



**B**UT WITH GRAZING LAND BECOMING MORE AND MORE SCARCE, THE MUSTANGS BECAME A NUISANCE TO CATTLE AND HORSE RAISERS...

AND SOME DURN MUSTANG LURED FIVE OF MY MARES AWAY LAST NIGHT. SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!

HE'S RIGHT! BESIDES, WE'VE GOT TO SAVE OUR GRASS FOR THE CATTLE!



**A**ND SO THE MUSTANG WAS SHOT, POISONED, OR SIMPLY STARVED TO DEATH. WITH THE HELP OF THE AIR PLANE, SOME OF THESE ANIMALS WERE EVEN STAMPEDED OVER CLIFFS. AND SOMETIMES THEIR CARCASSES WERE USED FOR CAT AND DOG FOOD. TODAY THE OLD MUSTANG IS NO MORE. THE FEW WILD HORSES THAT ROAM THE WEST TODAY ARE REALLY ANIMALS THAT HAVE BECOME WILD A SECOND TIME. THEY HARDLY COMPARE WITH THE OLD MESTENO!



# KILLER VENOM

Only his bare head and right arm were free. The rest of his body was buried in the sand. Doctor Frank Stewart gritted his teeth in agony and closed his eyes against the merciless fire of the desert sun.

"Somehow, some day, Dickson, the law will catch up with you. If you don't hang for the murder of Walter McGuire, it'll be for mine!"

The man called Dickson had been sitting on a big rock near a clump of mesquite. Now, he got slowly, leisurely to his feet and sneered down at the pain-contorted face of his victim.

"Who's gonna tell 'em, Doc? You! Ha! Go ahead, yell for the law right now. But better yell plenty loud. Nearest ranch is the Finch's place, over fifty miles from here!" Dickson broke into peals of raucous laughter. "Yell, Doc, yell for help! Go ahead!"

Doc Stewart did not yell. He couldn't. His throat was so parched from hot thirst that he couldn't speak above a hoarse whisper. He hardly recognized his own voice. It was little more than a harsh rasp.

"Why kill me this way, Dickson? Why not just put a bullet in my head?"

Matt Dickson stroked his black beard. "Ain't ready yet. First I want that confession. That's why I left you the use o' one arm. So's you could write down how you killed Walt McGuire."

Doc Stewart's tortured brain pounded against the walls of his head, begging release from its hot prison. With a superhuman effort he spoke through dry lips.

"I'd be a fool to sign. Why should I clear you of murdering McGuire when you're going to kill me anyway! No, Dickson, I won't sign. I'll roast first!"

Dickson laughed again, the snarling laughter of a diabolical killer. "All right, Doc. Roast awhile! It's only two o'clock in the afternoon. About six or seven hours of sunlight yet, with the hottest part of the day still to come. Wait'll you pass out once or twice and wake up for another fryin'. Wait'll your eyes start to burn out o' their sockets—and you want to sell your soul to the devil for just a

little sip of water. Oh, you'll sign all right, Doc! So I'll just set around comfortable 'til you're ready."

Dickson sat down again, reached for his canteen and took a long pull at the cool water. His cruel eyes mocked Stewart as he deliberately spilled a few drops on the sand in front of the suffering man.

"Want a drink, Doc? Sign th' confession and I'll let you have some water before I shoot you. Yah—nice, cool water—"

But the condemned man was beyond hearing his tormentor. Something had exploded in his brain, blacking out suddenly the white-hot world around him. His head rolled forward on the sand. Mouth open, his feeble breath sucked hot particles of sand down his throat.

Minutes later, Doc Stewart awoke to agony that was worse than before. His lolling head and right arm, extending out of the pit, were horribly blistered by the sun's burning fire.

Dickson's cruel eyes were watching. "Ready to sign, Doc?"

"No! You'll die for your own killing!"

Dickson yawned, wiped sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, and glanced up at the sun. "Take your time, Doc. Plenty of sunlight yet. Soak it up!"

Stewart's hand clutched sand in convulsive pain and helpless anger. A loose cactus spine jabbed its needle edge into his thumb, drawing blood. He clamped his jaw shut tight. The sand in his mouth grated between his teeth. It made a weird sound, a sound—

Like a rattlesnake's warning!

Crazy thought! But Doc Stewart's brain raced away with it until, mercifully, consciousness left him for a second time.

When he awoke, the sun was lower in the heavens! He'd been out a long time. But it didn't matter. Next time it would be for keeps.

Matt Dickson took another pull of water from the canteen. Then he spat it out on the sand and got up suddenly and walked over to Doc Stewart. The killer bent low and leered into Stewart's face.

"Gotta hand it to you, Doc. You're sure stub-

born. But I can't wait no more. Gotta amble along. It's a long ride to town."

Stewart tried to speak. The sand in his mouth choked off his voice. But Dickson saw his lips move, forming the words, "I'll sign—"

"That's better," Dickson said, straightening up and reaching in his shirt pocket for the paper which, when signed by Stewart, would clear him of the McGuire murder. "Figured you'd see it my way, sooner or later—huh, what's that—!"

Tat-tat-rat. Thud.

"Oww! My leg. Rattler's got me!" Clutching his leg, Dickson whirled about, gun drawn, looking for the snake that had bitten him. His eyes fell on the clump of mesquite. It was still moving. He fired all six rounds from his gun at the base of the mesquite bush. Then he fell to the ground, gasping, his face a mask of terror.

"You've gotta save me, Doc! It's fifty miles to help. I'll never make it. I'll die!"

Stewart was incapable of speech. Weakly, his hand stretched out for Dickson's canteen of water. Dickson had dropped it in his excitement. Wooden fingers unscrewed the cap. Sweet, cool water washed the grating sand from his throat, sent new life coursing through his body. After a minute or two he found his voice.

"Now we're both going out, Dickson. You first. You'll die of snake bite and I'll watch!"

"No!" screamed Dickson. "I don't want to die! I'll dig you out. There'll still be time to save me!" The killer dropped to his knees and frantically began digging sand from around the body of the helpless doctor. Minutes later, panting and wild-eyed with fear, Dickson pulled Stewart from the hole.

"Now take care of me. You got medicine in your kit. Use it!" After a long time Stewart struggled to his feet. "And what if I don't?"

Dickson's eyes were popping out of their sockets. He pointed his gun at Stewart. "Fix me up, or I'll drill yuh!"

It was Stewart's turn to laugh. "Go ahead. Pull the trigger. What do you expect to kill with an empty gun?"

"Whu—?" Then Dickson remembered he'd pumped his gun empty firing at the mesquite bush. Angrily, he threw the gun to the ground. His manner changed abruptly from vicious killer to cringing coward.

"Save me, Doc. I'm goin' fast. Yuh can't let me die like this. Yuh took an oath—ooh!—th' pain! It's spreadin'. Hurry!"

Calmly, Stewart leaned over and picked up the killer's gun, loading it from the cartridge belt

around Dickson's waist. When he had finished, he pointed the gun at his erstwhile captor and said, "On your horse, murderer. I'm taking you in."

"Wait!" pleaded Dickson, writhing on the ground and kicking up sand. "Fix me up first, Doc! Then we'll go."

Stewart hesitated. Then he bent over Dickson and took the unsigned confession from his pocket. "Take your choice, Dickson. Which way do you want to die? Snake bite or rope?"

"Gimme the paper! I'll sign it—only yuh gotta take care o' my leg!" Snatching the paper from Stewart's hand, Dickson scrawled out his signature hurriedly, then handed it back.

Doc Stewart folded the confession neatly and put it in his own shirt pocket. "Okay, now get mounted. You're going to be the center of attraction at a necktie party."

"But yuh haven't fixed my leg. I'll never make it to town with a rattler's poison in me!"

There was no sympathy in Stewart's answer. "You've had the killer's venom in you for a long time. You're not going to die of snakebite. On your horse!"

Sullenly, Dickson obeyed, but his legs were weak under him as he swung himself into the saddle. He had always had a morbid fear of snakes. Rattlers especially. And now he could feel the poison spreading through his system. Eying the desert ahead, he counted each moment as his last.

Miraculously, Dickson found himself still alive as a weary Doc Stewart gave him into the sheriff's custody five hours later. The killer had resigned himself to stretching a rope for McGuire's murder, but there was a question he had to ask Doc Stewart. Just one question.

"How come I didn't die of the rattler's poison? Am I really immune to the venom?"

"Ha! Ha!" Stewart laughed. "You weren't bitten by a rattler."

"What do yuh mean, I wasn't bitten! I heard the rattle. I felt the fangs. I saw the marks they made, and the blood on my leg. And I saw the rattler slither into that clump of mesquite!"

"No, Dickson. There was no snake. Your own cowardice tricked you. The 'rattle' was me chewing sand. The 'bite' was a couple of cactus spines I picked up. And a handful of sand set the bush in motion."

Dickson still couldn't believe it. "Then I ain't goin' to die o' snake poison!"

Doc Stewart sighed. "Oh, you're going to die of snake poison, all right. The poison that made you a murderer—your own *killer venom*!"

THE END

# CREATURES OF THE WESTERN BADLANDS

**CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE RATTLESNAKE DOES NOT ALWAYS WARN ITS VICTIMS BY RATTLING ITS TAIL BEFORE STRIKING. LARGEST OF THE SOUTHWESTERN SPECIES IS THE DIAMOND-BACK WHICH MAY MEASURE UP TO FIVE FEET IN LENGTH. RATTLESNEDS SHED THEIR SKIN SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR AND GROW A NEW RATTLE EACH TIME.**



**THE GILA MONSTER IS AN UGLY, POISONOUS LIZARD COMMON TO THE AMERICAN DESERT. IT ATTAINS A LENGTH OF TWO AND A HALF FEET AND PREYS ON SMALL ANIMALS, WHICH IT KILLS WITH VENOMOUS FANGS. ITS BITE IS DANGEROUS BUT NOT FATAL TO HUMANS.**



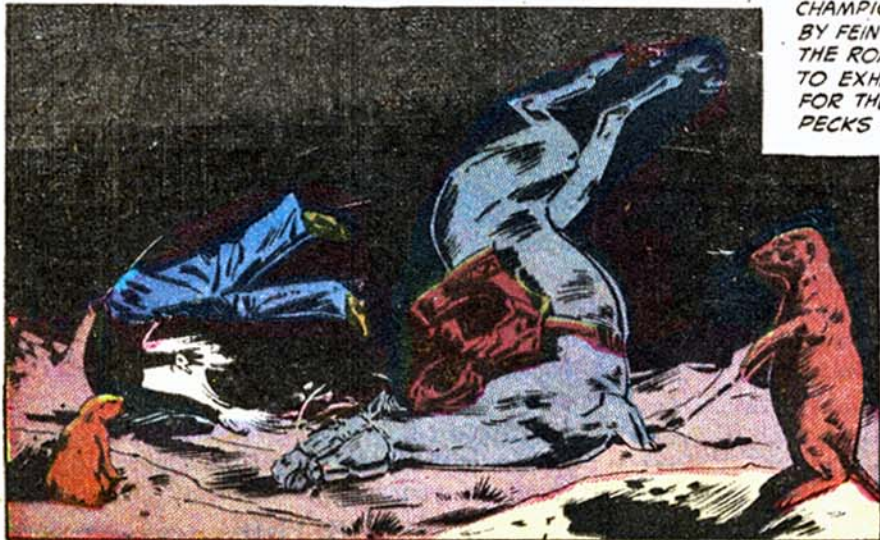
**THE ARMADILLO IS A SMALL ANIMAL ABOUT A FOOT LONG WITH AN ARMOR-LIKE SHELL. IT FEEDS ON ROOTS INSECTS, WORMS, REPTILES AND DEAD ANIMALS. DESPITE ITS SHORT LEGS IT IS VERY FAST. THE ARMADILLO IS HARMLESS AND DOES NOT PUT UP A FIGHT WHEN CAPTURED. IF PURSUED IT WILL TRY TO ESCAPE BY BURROWING INTO THE GROUND.**



**THE HORNEO-TOAD, A SMALL SPOTTED BROWN AND GRAY CREATURE, BLENDS PERFECTLY WITH THE DESERT WASTELAND. A SERIES OF SPIKES AND SCALES ON ITS HEAD AND BACK PREVENT SNAKES AND OTHER CREATURES FROM SWALLOWING IT. IT LIVES ON ANTS AND INSECTS WHICH IT CAPTURES ON THE END OF ITS LIGHTNING-SWIFT, STICKY TONGUE.**



**THE PRAIRIE DOG, A MEMBER OF THE SQUIRREL FAMILY, IS A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN THE WEST. THESE CREATURES LIVE IN UNDERGROUND "TOWNS" WHICH THEY BURROW DEEP INTO THE EARTH. RIDERS FEAR PRAIRIE DOG TOWNS BECAUSE A HORSE CAN BREAK A LEG STEPPING INTO ONE OF THE HOLES.**



**THE ROAD RUNNER IS A STRANGE BIRD THAT CAN FLAP ITS WINGS CRAZILY BUT CANNOT FLY. IT SCOOTs ALONG THE GROUND AT A RAPID PACE LOOKING FOR FOOD AND IS A CHAMPION RATTLE-SNAKE KILLER. BY FEINTING, BOBBING AND WEAVING THE ROAD RUNNER TIRES THE SNAKE TO EXHAUSTION AND THEN DARTS IN FOR THE KILL WITH HAMMERING PECKS AT THE SERPENT'S HEAD.**



# The **DESERT RAT**

DEATH IS NO STRANGER  
TO THE PARCHED DESERT  
SANDS! BUT WHEN A COWARDLY  
MURDERER STRIKES — DUSTY  
CARSON, THE DESERT RAT, AND  
HIS BURRO, MICKEY, SET A --

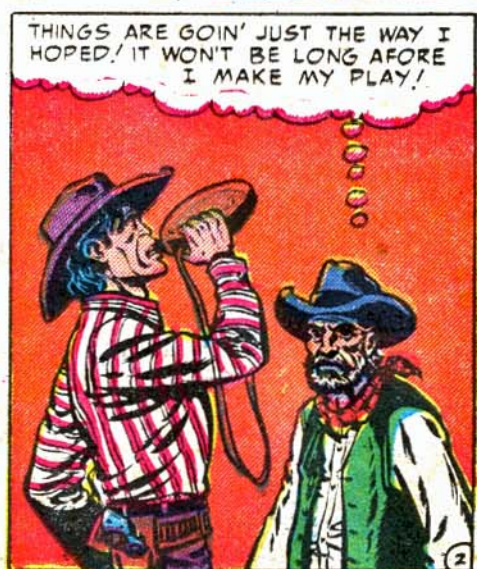
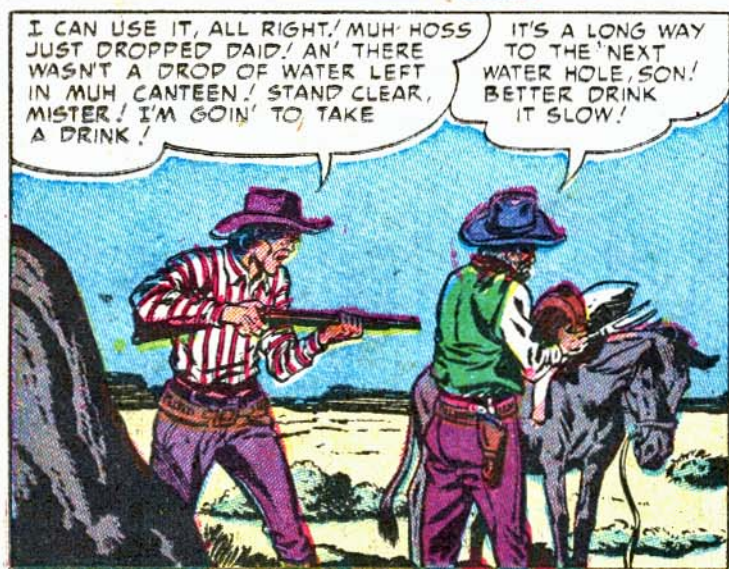
## *in* **Trap For A Killer**



LATER...



FOR HOURS, DUSTY AND MICKEY FOLLOW THE KILLER'S TRAIL, UNTIL...



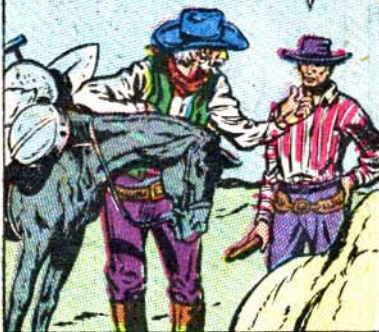
WAAL, MISTER! I'D LIKE TO BE ON MUH WAY--SO IF YUH DON'T MIND...

MEBBE I DO! I RECKON I'M HITCHIN' UP WITH YUH! AFTER ALL, I GOT NO HOSS! WHERE ARE YUH HEADIN'? WHAT'RE YUH DOIN' IN THE DESERT?



THAT AIN'T YOUR BUSINESS, MISTER! THERE'S LOTS OF PLACES IN THE DESERT A MAN CAN GO, AND NOT CARE TO TALK ABOUT!

YUH MADE A **STRIKE!** THAT'S IT! **GOLD!**



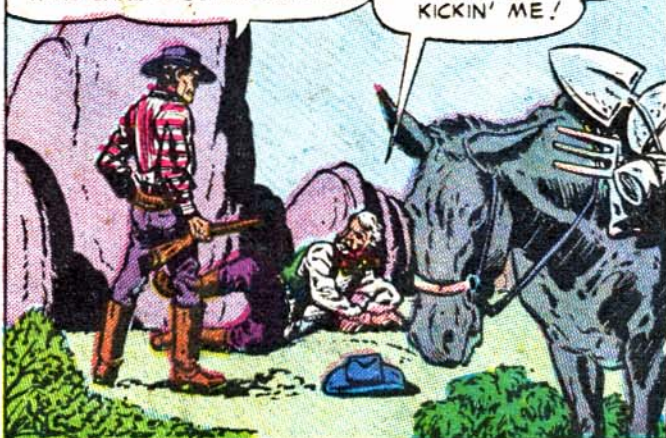
I KNOW YOU DESERT RATS! YOU'RE LOADED WITH GOLD DUST! WELL, I'M GETTIN' MY SHARE, SEE?

OWWW! LISTEN, YOU...



SHUT UP! NOW, GET ON YOUR FEET, AN' START MOVIN'! WE'RE GOIN' TO YOUR STRIKE, SEE? LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT ENOUGH GRUB AN' WATER ON THAT BURRO TO TAKE CARE O' SOME COMPANY!

**OHhh!** OKAY... OKAY... STOP KICKIN' ME!



LATER...

HEY! THERE AIN'T ANY WATER LEFT IN THE CANTEEN!

THERE'S SOME IN THE WATER BAG, ON MUH BURRO! I'LL FILL THE CANTEEN!

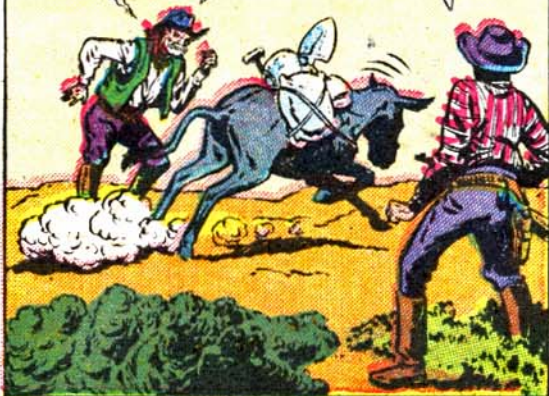


**BUT SUDDENLY...**

(WHISPER) GO, MICKEY!

(ALOUD) COME BACK, CONSNARN YUH!

THAT ORNERY CRITTER! IT'S RUNNIN' OFF WITH THE WATER!



I'LL KILL...

DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU MIGHT HIT THE WATER BAG, AN' IT'S TWENTY MILES TO THE NEXT HOLE! THE BURRO'LL COME BACK! HE WAS JEST FRIGHTENED A BIT!



YUH KNOW, I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO MEET UP WITH YOU-- DRIFTIN' KID!

SO YUH RECOGNIZED ME, MUH? WAAL, OLD TIMER-- YOU JEST SEALED YOUR DEATH WARRANT! ONCE WE REACH THE GOLD STRIKE, I'M GOIN' TO KILL YOU!



MEBBE--IF THE SUN DON'T GET YOU AFORE! YUH SEE, I KIN GO WITHOUT WATER! IT WAS ME WHO SENT THE BURRO OFF! BUT YOU... EVERYTHIN' WORKED OUT THE WAY I PLANNED IT, YUH ORNERY DRY-GULCHER! THE DEPUTY YUH KILLED WAS MY FRIEND!

YOU'RE LOCCO! NO MAN'D PURPOSELY GIT SEPARATED FROM WATER IN THE DESERT!



IF HE WANTED TO TRAP A DIRTY LOW-DOWN, BACK-SHOOTIN' KILLER HE WOULD! AN' NOW, I'M JEST GOIN' TO SET HERE AN' WATCH YOU DIE!



YEAH? WELL, I AIN'T GOIN' ALONE! I'M GOIN' TO KILL YUH, NOW!

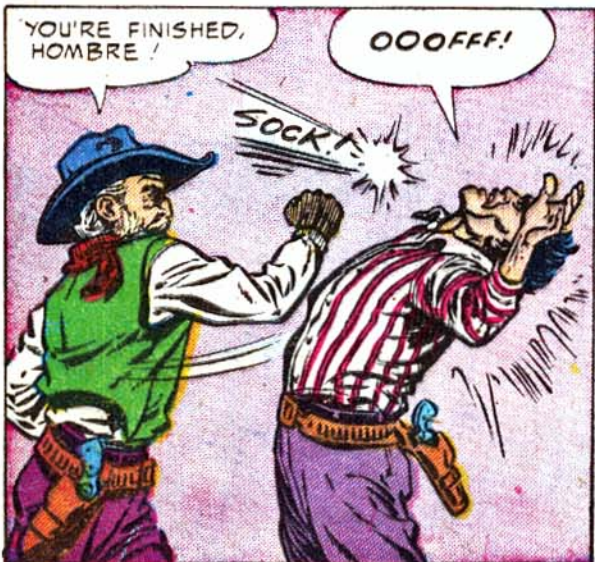
MICKEY! NOW!



YOU'RE FINISHED, HOMBRE!

OOOFFF!

SOCK!



SOON...

WE'LL DELIVER HIM TO THE MARSHAL, MICKEY-- AN' THEN, COME HERE TO PROSPECT FOR THE GOLD OUR FRIEND THOUGHT I ALREADY HAD!



THE END

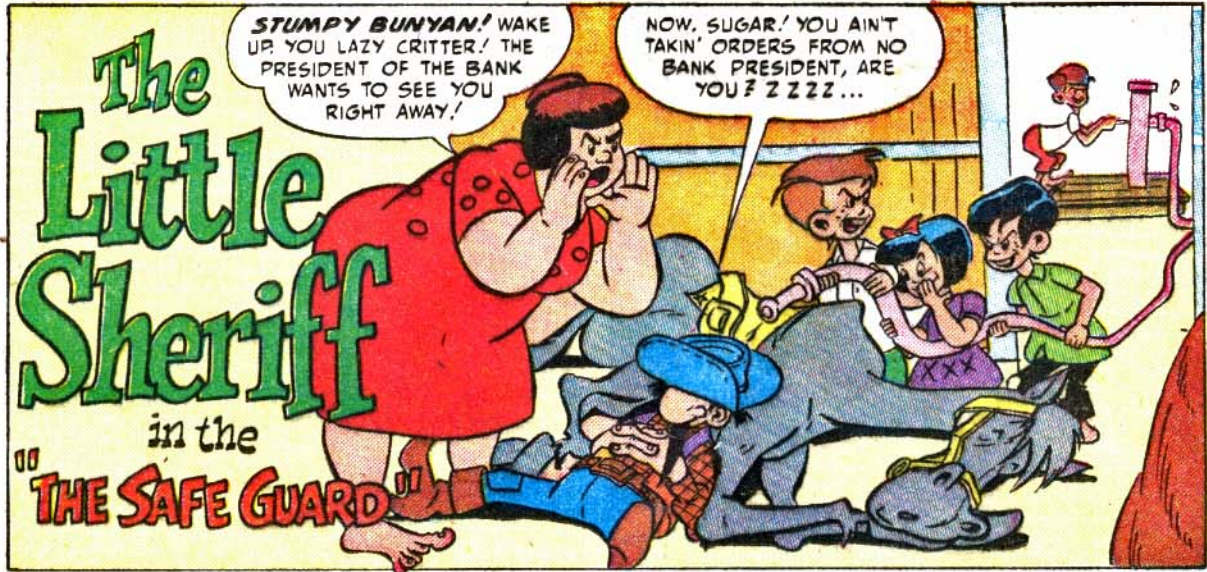
# The Little Sheriff

in the

## "THE SAFE GUARD"

**STUMPY BUNYAN!** WAKE UP, YOU LAZY CRITTER! THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!

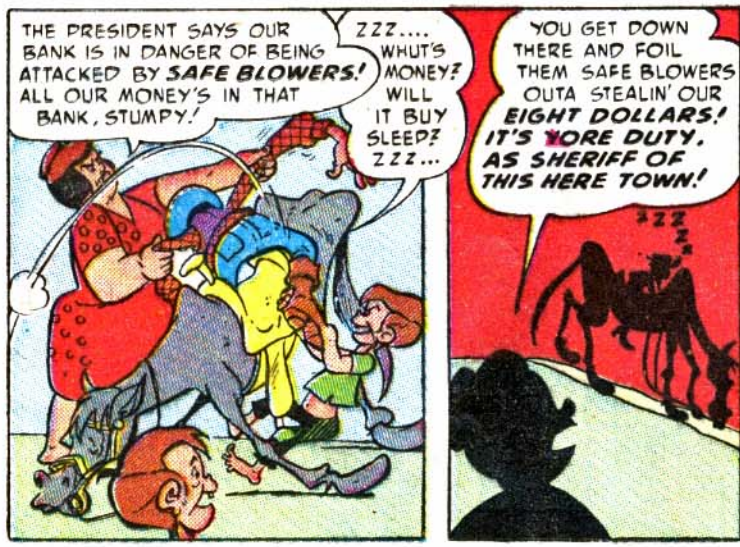
NOW, SUGAR! YOU AIN'T TAKIN' ORDERS FROM NO BANK PRESIDENT, ARE YOU? Z Z Z Z...



THE PRESIDENT SAYS OUR BANK IS IN DANGER OF BEING ATTACKED BY **SAFE BLOWERS!** ALL OUR MONEY'S IN THAT BANK, STUMPY!

Z Z Z...  
WHUT'S MONEY? WILL IT BUY SLEEP? Z Z Z...

YOU GET DOWN THERE AND FOIL THEM SAFE BLOWERS OUTA STEALIN' OUR **EIGHT DOLLARS!** IT'S **YORE DUTY**, AS **SHERIFF OF THIS HERE TOWN!**

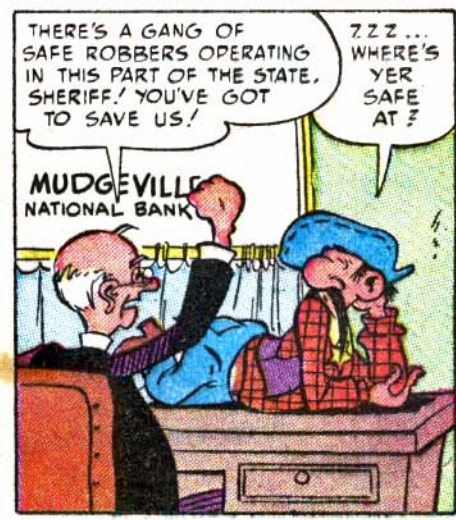


SEVERAL HUNDRED SNORES LATER...

THERE'S A GANG OF SAFE ROBBERS OPERATING IN THIS PART OF THE STATE, SHERIFF! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE US!

Z Z Z...  
WHERE'S YER SAFE AT?

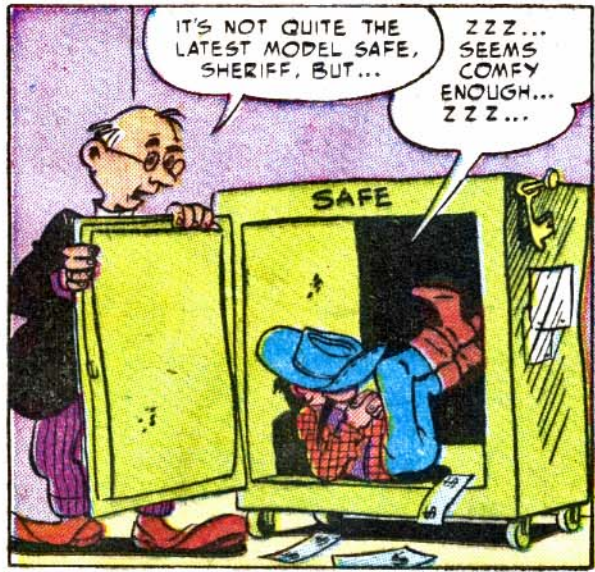
**MUDGEVILLE NATIONAL BANK**



IT'S NOT QUITE THE LATEST MODEL SAFE, SHERIFF, BUT...

Z Z Z...  
SEEMS COMFY ENOUGH...  
Z Z Z...

**WHILE NOT FAR AWAY**



TONIGHT WE CRACK THE MUDGEVILLE NATIONAL BANK! IT AIN'T NO HARDER TO OPEN THAN A CAN O' BEANS!



LATE  
THAT  
NIGHT

THIS HAUL MIGHT RUN  
AS HIGH AS FORTY  
DOLLARS!

WE KIN  
RETIRE!



SANDPAPER ... NAIL FILE ... AH!  
THERE GO THE TUMBLERS!  
**SHE'S OPEN!**



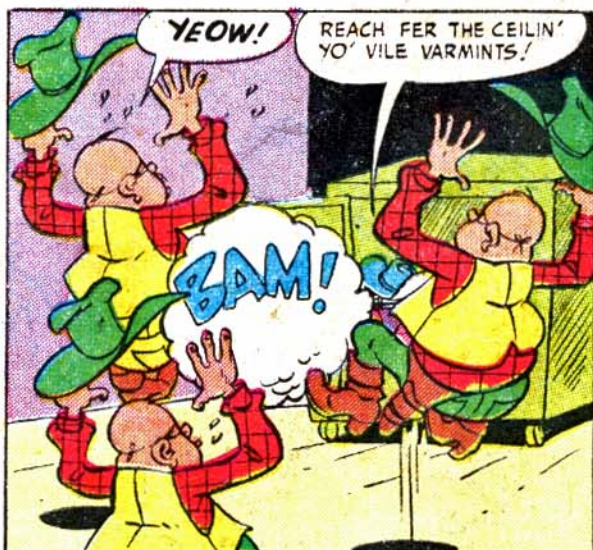
LISTEN TO THE WAY THIS OLD CAN  
CREAKS! NOW TO GRAB THE MAZUMA  
AND ELUDE THE AUTHORITIES!  
HEH-HEH-HEH!

ZZZZ...



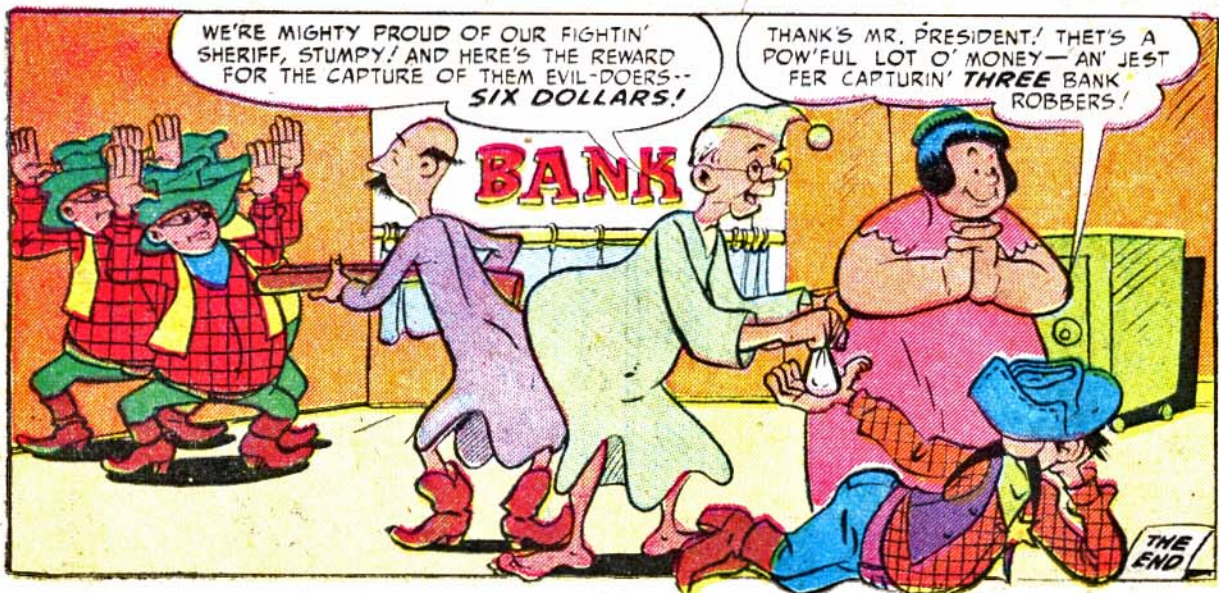
YEOW!

REACH FER THE CEILIN'  
YO' VILE VARMINTS!



WE'RE MIGHTY PROUD OF OUR FIGHTIN'  
SHERIFF, STUMPY! AND HERE'S THE REWARD  
FOR THE CAPTURE OF THEM EVIL-DOERS--  
**SIX DOLLARS!**

THANK'S MR. PRESIDENT! THET'S A  
POW'FUL LOT O' MONEY—AN' JEST  
FER CAPTURIN' **THREE** BANK  
ROBBERS!



THE  
END



# the HAWK

in

## DRY RIVER RAMPAGE

OUT IN THE BLISTERING HEAT OF THE DESERT, A DRY-GULCHER'S BULLET FINDS ITS MARK, AND BOB HARDIE, **THE HAWK**, FALLS PROSTRATE ON THE BURNING SANDS. BUT **THE HAWK'S** FIGHTING HEART IS STRONGER THAN THE BLAZING SUN, STRONGER THAN SAND, THIRST, AND DEATH ITSELF, AS HE PITS HIS COURAGE AND GUNS AGAINST A VICIOUS OUTLAW BAND IN...

### DRY RIVER RAMPAGE!



SO I LEFT THE HAWK OUT THAR IN THE DESERT! HE'S BUZZARD BAIT BY NOW! WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM NO MORE!

SHOSHONE! LOOK!

THE OFFICE OF WALT SELBERT, EDITOR OF THE DRY RIVER "CLARION"...



YOU HEARD ME, SELBERT! THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! EITHER YOU QUIT WRITIN' THOSE EDITORIALS AGIN' ME AN' MY BOYS, OR WE'LL SHUT YUH UP FER GOOD!

AS LONG AS YOU AN' YOUR GANG ARE IN DRY RIVER, I'LL WRITE THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU, SPADE! AN' IF THE TRUTH HURTS, IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE A THIEVIN' DRY-GULCHIN' COYOTE!



I WON'T LET HIM TALK LIKE THAT TO YUH, SPADE! I'LL ...

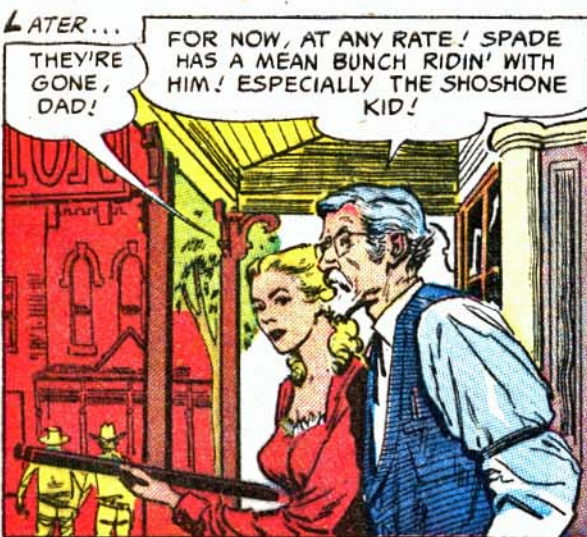
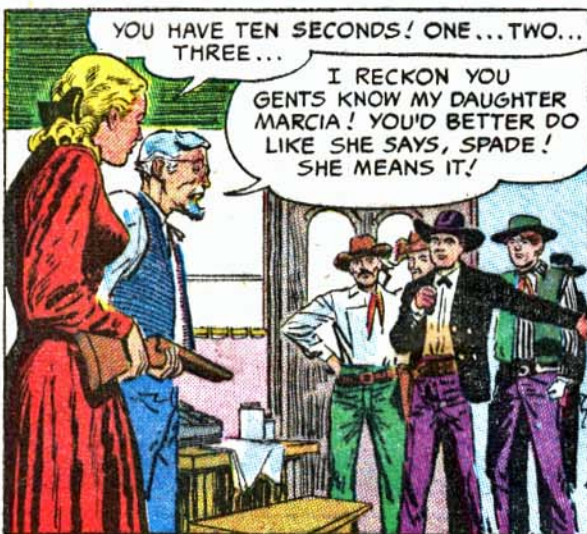
NOT YET, SHOSHONE! WE HAVE TIME! LOTS OF TIME!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SPADE! THE HAWK'S COMIN' TO DRY RIVER! I SENT FOR HIM! TIME'S RUNNIN' OUT FOR YOU, AN' YOUR GUN-SLINGERS!



NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO TO ME, SPADE, THE HAWK'LL GET YOU! HE'LL BRING LAW TO DRY RIVER!

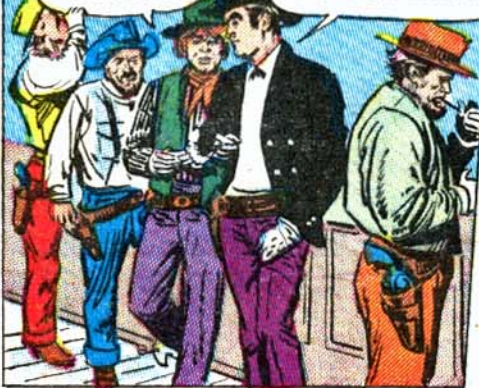
SUDDENLY...



**A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN SPADE'S GAMBLING HALL...**

LET ME GO BACK THERE, SPADE! I'LL KILL 'EM BOTH! I'LL MAKE 'EM PAY! WHAT DO YOU SAY, SPADE? GIVE ME THE WORD!

FORGET IT, WILL YUH? WE'LL HANDLE SELBERT, AND HIS DAUGHTER, TOO, WHEN THE RIGHT TIME COMES! BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE HAWK! ONCE HE GETS HERE, WE'LL HAVE A REAL FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!



HE DON'T HAVE TO GET HERE!

MEANIN'?



MEANIN' SOMEBODY COULD BE WAITIN' FOR HIM IN THE DESERT! HE'D MAKE A GOOD MEAL FOR THE BUZZARDS!



YEAH! BUT WHO'S GOIN' TO GET THE HAWK? THERE AIN'T A MAN LIVIN' WHO CAN MATCH HIS DRAW!

I'LL GET HIM! LISTEN, SPADE, HE'LL HAVE TO PASS THE ANGEL WATER-HOLE TO GIT HERE! I'LL BE THERE, WAITIN' IN A WADDY! HE'LL NEVER MAKE DRY RIVER!



OKAY! FEED THOSE BUZZARDS!

THEY'LL EAT GOOD!



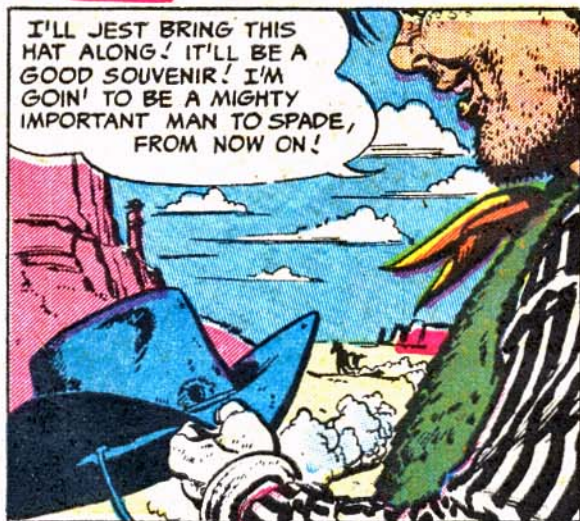
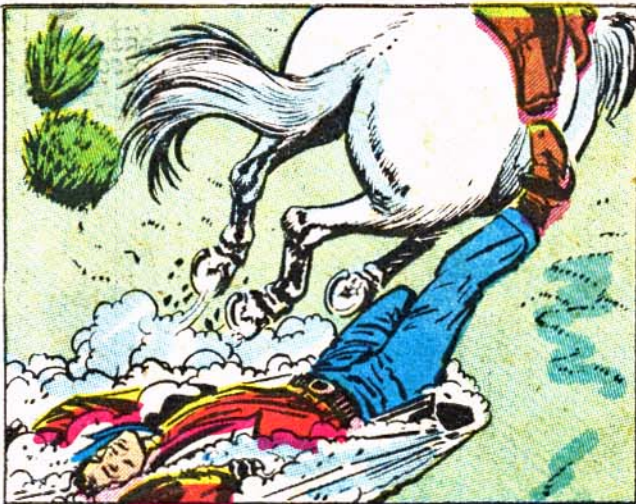
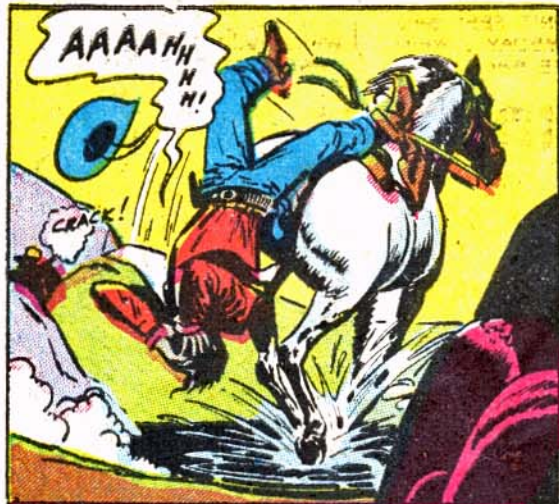
**A BLAZING SUN BEATS DOWN MERCILESSLY ON THE DESERT, AS THE HAWK, DUSTY AND TRAVEL-WEARY, PUSHES HIS TIRED HORSE TOWARD THE ANGEL WATER-HOLE...**

JUST A LITTLE MORE, BOY! JUST A LITTLE MORE! MMM—I CAN TASTE THAT WATER NOW! IT'LL SURE BE WELCOME!



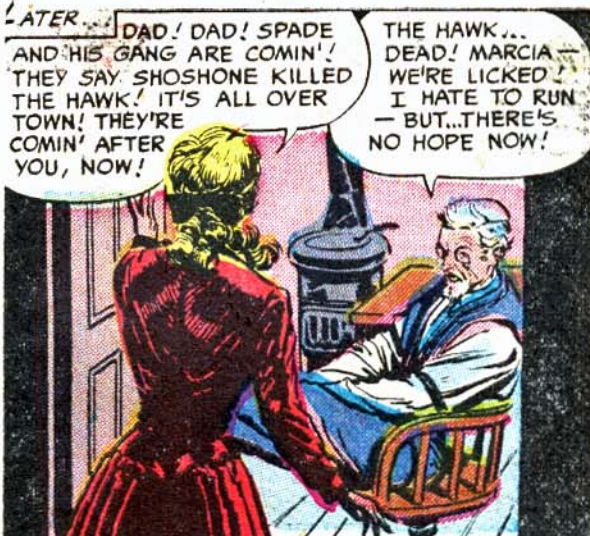
OKAY, HAWK! THIS IS IT! COME A FEW FEET CLOSER, AND...





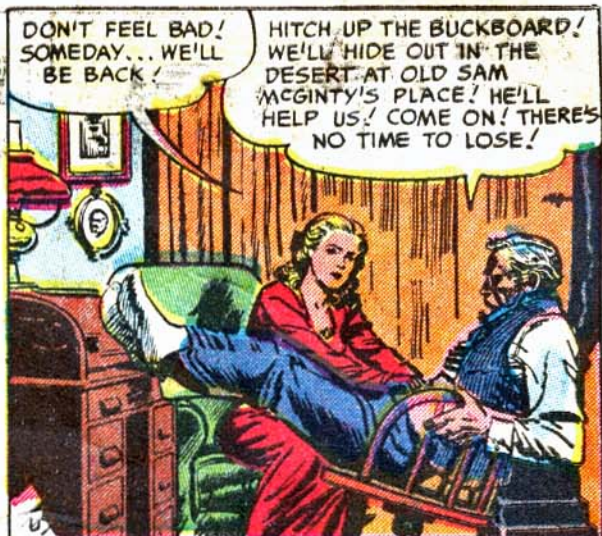
LATER, IN SPADE'S OFFICE...





LATER...  
DAD! DAD! SPADE  
AND HIS GANG ARE COMIN'!  
THEY SAY SHOSHONE KILLED  
THE HAWK! IT'S ALL OVER  
TOWN! THEY'RE  
COMIN' AFTER  
YOU, NOW!

THE HAWK...  
DEAD! MARCIA...  
WE'RE LICKED!  
I HATE TO RUN  
— BUT...THERE'S  
NO HOPE NOW!



DON'T FEEL BAD!  
SOMEDAY... WE'LL  
BE BACK!

HITCH UP THE BUCKBOARD!  
WE'LL HIDE OUT IN THE  
DESERT AT OLD SAM  
MCGINTY'S PLACE! HE'LL  
HELP US! COME ON! THERE'S  
NO TIME TO LOSE!

SHORTLY AFTER MARCIA AND HER FATHER LEAVE TOWN... A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY FROM TOWN...



THEY GOT AWAY!  
I TOLD YUH WE  
TOOK TOO LONG,  
SPADE!

THERE'S NOWHERE FOR 'EM  
TO GO! THE DESERT'S NO HIDIN'  
PLACE FOR AN OLD MAN AN A  
GIRL! GET HOLD OF SOME KEROSENE!  
WE'LL BURN THE PLACE DOWN!



LOOK, DAD!

THERE GOES THE CLARION!  
TEN YEARS OF HARD WORK  
GONE UP IN SMOKE! MARCIA  
— WE'VE LOST!



SOMEDAY,  
WE'LL PAY  
HIM BACK!

MEBBE! BUT  
RIGHT NOW  
WITH THE  
HAWK DEAD,  
SPADE'S CALLIN'  
THE DANCE! WAAL,  
COME ON, GAL!  
IT'S A LONG WAY  
TO MCGINTY'S!



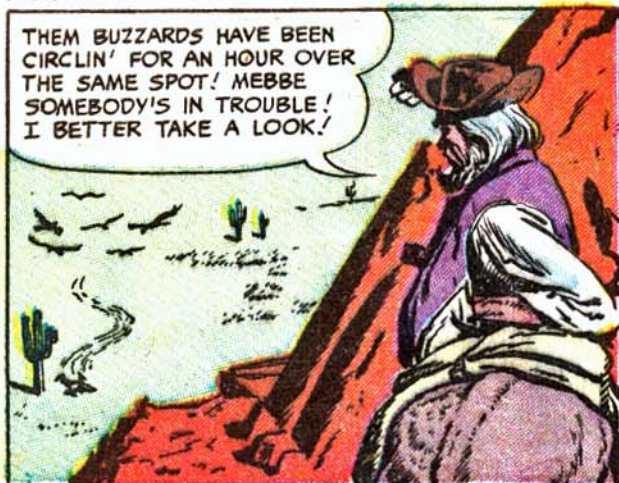
WOUNDED, DRAGGED BY HIS  
HORSE UNTIL THE ANIMAL BREAKS  
AWAY, THE HAWK RETURNS TO  
PAINFUL CONSCIOUSNESS! SLOWLY  
HE CRAWLS ACROSS THE DESERT,  
THIRST BURNING HIS THROAT,  
FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE...

MUST... MAKE... ANGEL  
...WATER... HOLE...  
WATER... **WATER!**

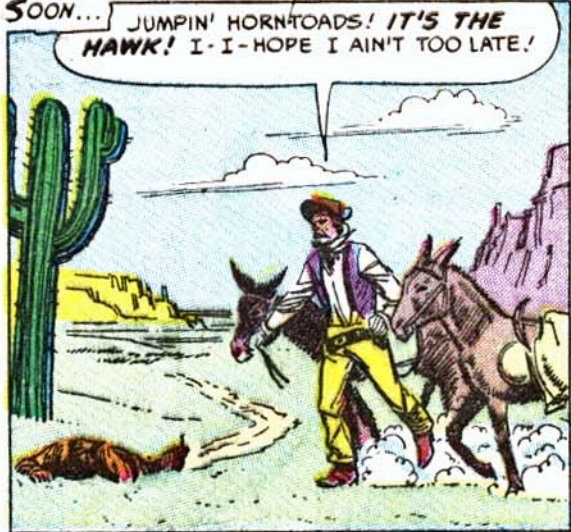


BUT HE CAN GO NO FARTHER! HELP-  
LESS, HE LIES ON THE BURNING  
SANDS AS THE BUZZARDS SLOWLY  
CIRCLE ABOVE HIM...

**NOT FAR AWAY, SAM MCGINTY, AN OLD DESERT RAT, SCANS THE SKIES AND SEES THE FLOCK OF BUZZARDS... SOON...**



THEM BUZZARDS HAVE BEEN CIRCLIN' FOR AN HOUR OVER THE SAME SPOT! MEBBE SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE! I BETTER TAKE A LOOK!



JUMPIN' HORNTADS! IT'S THE HAWK! I-I-HOPE I AIN'T TOO LATE!



EASY, SON!

YUH CAME JUST IN TIME, SAM. I RECKON I CAN MAKE IT TO YOUR CABIN NOW! GIVE ME A HAND!!



IN SAM'S CABIN... YOU'RE LUCKY, HAWK! JEST A BAD CREASE! WHO DRY-GULCHED YUH?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT!



THEN... WALT! MARCIA! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE?

WE RAN INTO TROUBLE WITH SPADE HAMMER- AN' NOW THAT THE HAWK'S DEAD-

DAD! THAT'S THE HAWK!

QUICKLY, WALT TELLS HIS STORY...

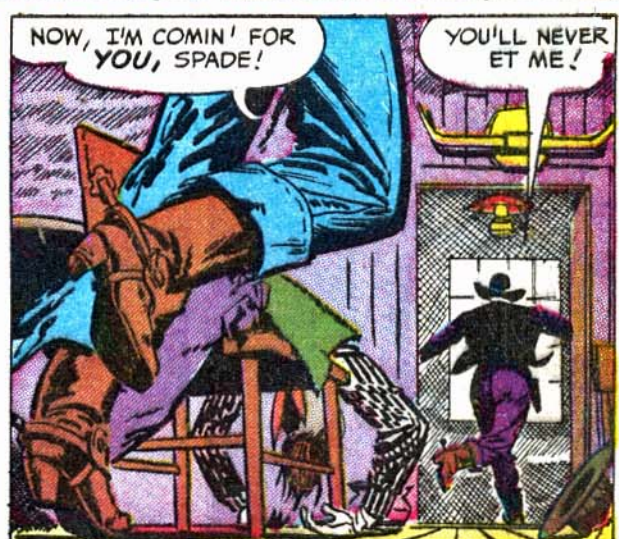
SO IT WAS THE SHOSHONE KID, HUH? SAM, GIVE ME MY GUN BELT! AN' SADDLE UP YOUR BEST HORSE!

WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' HAWK?



TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A HAT!

HOURS LATER— AT SPADE'S PLACE...





DON'T BE A FOOL, SPADE!  
SURRENDER! YUH DON'T  
HAVE A CHANCE!!

I AIN'T GOIN'  
EASY, HAWK!  
COME ON IN! I'M  
WAITIN' FOR YUH!



WHICH ONE WAS  
IT? WHO'LL  
COME OUT?

OH, DAD!  
WHAT IF...  
IF SPADE...



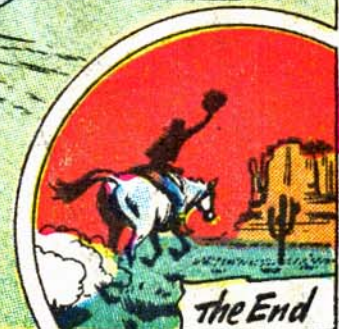
I RECKON SPADE  
IS THROUGH  
FOREVER!

LATER, WHEN THE REMNANTS OF SPADE'S GANG HAVE BEEN SAFELY  
LODGED IN JAIL

ISN'T THERE  
ANYTHING  
I CAN SAY  
TO MAKE  
YOU STAY  
HERE IN  
DRY RIVER?

I FIGURE DRY  
RIVER WILL GROW  
AN' NOW THAT  
I'M REBUILDIN'  
THE CLARION,  
HOW ABOUT IT?  
THAR'S A FUTURE  
HERE!

SORRY! I'VE GOT MUH  
WORK CUT OUT! ALL  
THROUGH THE DESERT  
COUNTRY THAR'S WRONGS  
THAT HAVE TO BE SET  
RIGHT! THAT'S WHERE  
I BELONG! ADIOS!!



The End

**You Can WIN**

This 15" tall  
**SILVER TROPHY**  
JUST AS I DID IN  
**10 MINUTES**  
OF FUN  
A DAY!



**I GAINED  
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY  
POWER-PACKED  
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S  
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below  
ARMED **WAS ME**  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
**YOUR LAST  
CHANCE**  
TO GET FOR  
**ALL 5 10¢**  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
**\$1 AND MORE**

When I enrolled I was  
a skinny, sick weak-  
ling. As you can see  
in my "Before" Photo I  
looked like a child...  
years younger than my  
age. I was ashamed to  
take a picture in bath-  
ing trunks as I do now.  
I was shy with girls  
because I had nothing  
to show off. A few  
weeks after starting  
the Jowett Course my  
body was the best in  
the neighborhood. Now  
I get respect and ad-  
miration from every  
fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
**ROGER**. Let's  
pass him by!



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

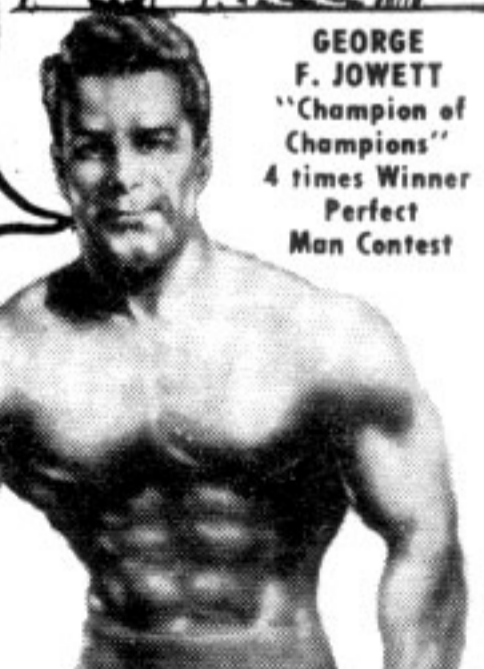
as **YOU**  
can be  
soon!



Roger  
Hirsch  
before

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

**6 1/2 inches** to your **CHEST**  
**3 inches** to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.



**GEORGE F. JOWETT**  
"Champion of  
Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect  
Man Contest

**Come on, PAL, NOW  
YOU GIVE ME  
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're  
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're  
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST  
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER  
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck  
to a Champion of Champions.

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to  
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND  
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,  
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American  
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't  
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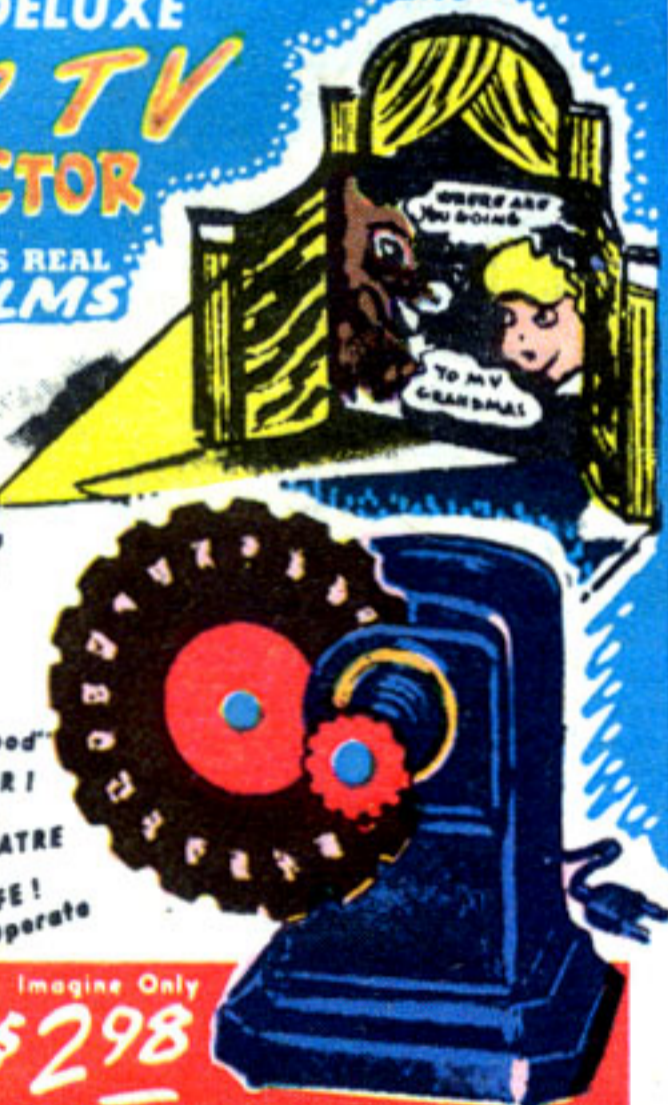
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